THE SHAM-OFFICE:

OR,

The New FABRICK contrived for the Entertainment of an Envoy now coming from *BANTAM.*

To the Tune of Packington's Pound.

I.

GOOD People, I pray let me draw you together,
I befeech, and intreat you to come at my call,
Whether Merchants, or Lawyers, or Scholars, or neither,
You cannot but mourn at this piteous Tale;
'Tis a Story that's new,
Yet, alack! it is true.
Full of Cunning and retrograde Policy too;
Oh! such a confounded contrivance it was,
Makes us all wring our hands, and cry wo, and alas!

II.

The worthy six Clerks, no, I think, 'twas but five,
A notable Structure did lately contrive,
Where to sit all together, and there without doubt,
If the under Clerks cheat 'um they'l soon find 'um out;
Their Shops they did line
With Bays very fine.
And a place big enough for to hold all their Coin,
Then is it not sad after all this ado,
For want of Imployment their Nails they should blow?

III.

But before we proceed any further, I pray
Let us give an account ('tis but just to do right)
Of these eminent Founders (that is to say)
Not to flatter or envy the Squire or the Knight;
For they are to blame
Who give an ill name
To such as deserve an illustrious fame;
And they are half hang'd whose Credits are gone,
Pray listen a while, you shall know 'em anon.

IV.

A Factor from *Bantam*, both silly and proud,
Is the first in the list of these notable Sparks,
So long he had cheated his Master abroad
As to buy himself in amongst the six Clarks;
This Monkey laid down
Seven thousand good pound,
And all for to buy him an Office and Gown:
So that now the old Proverb may fairly be started,
A *Fool* and his *Money* were easily parted.

V.

This Tool of Trader design'd to be great,
And to his Invention perswaded his brothers,
For he who himself is a Knave and a Cheat,
Is the most proper man for to find it in others:
His skill did invent,
To our discontent,
Of his excellent Wisdom this sage Monument;
'Twas long of his damnable politick head
That the Wittings were seal'd, and the Building was made.

VI.

Make room for a Knight, for he comes next in course,
Tho in truth he was made so by chance in a crowd;
Sense or Reason he has no more than a Horse,
He's wonderful poor, but wonderful proud:
Not a Knight of the Post,
But a Guinney it cost,
Which he at his dubbing most thankfully lost;
For all this Sir *William* ought not to be slighted,
He's the first of the breed that ever was Knighted.

VII.

Gads'life, here's another, A Boy t'other day,
Tho a manly Act was once laid at his door,
Yet the Bastard was got by another, they say,
And unluckily laid to his Charge by the Whore.
So that he for an Ass,
To this hour may pass,
His Wit is no more than ever it was,
He quickly agreed to the Factor's advise,
For Sir *Robert* himself can never be wise.

VIII

A Councellor's next, with his Head very fat,
But his Purse and his brains are in a thin case;
This Fool had once a handsome Estate,
but now 'tis all mortgag'd to purchase his place:
Six thousand pound just,
And pay it he must,
Or the Land goes to wrack, for 'tis all upon trust.
Let him get it or no, 'tis easily numbred,
Use is sixty times six at six in the hundred.

IX.

An honest old Gentleman makes up the fifth,
Tho merely drawn in, and seduced he was,
For that was the Merchant's design, and his drift,
To hook him in there for to credit the Cause.
There he sits in his Tub,
As patient as *Job*,
He says nought, but admires at this new Juggamboob.
This fine tangle to get all the Clerks on the hip,
Tho contriv'd ne'r so well, have confounded old *Chipp*.

X.

Now the Building is done and the Room it is fixt,
And the Shops they are lin'd, as I told you before,
There are places for five and a space for the sixth,
Who will, when he comes, make the number one more.
There Brother and Brother,
Sit neer one another,
And tell merry stories the one to the other;
They seldome are fruited in time, I confess
They've little to do, so their trouble's the less.

XI.

But now to consider the crosses and cares
Which daily disturb all humane affairs;
Some Idle young Rascals 'Lyons and Greats,
Have broke all the Windows five times at the least;
Nay more and moreover,
Tho no one will discover,
Which hinders their Actions of Batt'ry or Trover,
Well-bred Hay nothing's be that sits next the Door
Can give an account of all this and much more.

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